

restraint by celoica

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Summary:

"This doesn't have anything to do with anything, Mr Hargrove."

Billy's tongue touched his upper lip. Steve stared harder, swallowing down the lump in his throat. "I'm asking."

Steve cleared his throat. "No and no. Can we get back to the questions?"

"We can if you let me suck your cock."

"What."

"Let me suck your cock and I'll answer all the questions you want."

(Subtitled: Steve makes really bad life choices. In which unstable teenage boys and thirty-something lawyers mix, and things get out of hand, fast.)

1. last call to heaven

Author's Note:

- For [LazyBaker](#).

Notes for the Chapter:

This started tonight as a drabble idea of Steve as Billy's lawyer, and I've decided to stretch it out in a series of drabbles in the same universe. The chapters will be shorter than my usual, but I'll be spitting them out pretty rapidly over the next week.

I also know, like, nothing about the American legal system, but I'll try to make this as realistic as possible. I might have to fudge procedures for my own purpose, so to any lawyers or law enforcement out there: It's in the name of kink, so please don't hate me.

The kid didn't look fazed. A bad sign, in Steve's books.

"So what happened next?" Steve asked, pen poised over the pad of paper.

There hadn't been enough time to grab his laptop from his room, and he'd gathered up whatever supplies he could in Hopper's truck. Paper with week-old coffee stains and a pen that only worked when he shook it hard enough to hurt his hand. He'd made due with worse before.

The kid—Billy Hargrove, and he sure *looked* like a Billy—shrugged. Like it didn't matter. Like he hadn't just done something terrible. "Then I pushed him down the stairs."

"Did he get up?"

"Yeah." Billy made a face and set the half-melted bag of ice on the table, handcuffs clanking against the metal table.

“Did he say anything?”

“Yeah.”

Exasperated, he asked, “What did he say?”

“I’ll kill you, you little faggot.”

Steve paused, glancing up from the paper. Across the table, Billy was looking over at the two-way mirror intently, as if he could see the cluster of agents and officers watching him.

Hopper was there, Steve knew. He’d come to the bar where Steve had been unwinding with Jonathan and Nancy, half celebrating the engagement ring on Nancy’s finger and the stupid grin on Jonathan’s face. Being back in Hawkins for the holidays was supposed to be fun, if exhausting. His mom asked about women he wasn’t interested in, Hopper got him hammered twice before Christmas itself and he went to church like a good Catholic boy to please his father.

When Hopper had come rushing in the door, Steve had been slinging back shots like water. On the cusp of tipsy, he hadn’t expected *there’s been a murder* and *I need you to do me a favour* to come tumbling out of Hopper’s mouth.

Hopper owed him. Big time.

“Where was your step-mother?” Steve asked finally.

“In the living room. She was on the phone.”

“911?”

“Yeah. I think.” Billy blinked and then smiled. *Smiled*, sharp and pointed, like something feral. “She said *he’s gonna kill him*.”

“Who was she talking about?”

“I don’t know.”

“You? Or your dad?”

Billy shrugged again.

Steve sighed and set the pen down, acutely aware of the intense scrutiny behind the mirror. There hadn't been a murder in Hawkins since it was first settled. "You gotta help me out, kid. Give me something to work with.

Billy licked his lips, tongue pink and pointed, resting at the corner of his mouth. His lower lip was fat, swollen and crusted with blood. His left eye was swelling shut, the lids intimately fitting together the longer Steve spent with him. In the morning, he would look like he'd been hit by a bus.

"What do you want?"

"Tell me what happened. In your own words," Steve said, aiming for soothing. Nancy was better at being soothing, at calming the storm when they were in a room together. Steve was better at direct, to the point.

His dad was right, he thought. He should've been a divorce lawyer.

Finally, Billy looked at him. His eyes were sharp and alert, like the shock had never settled in. Maybe it hadn't.

"We were fighting," he said, "about my step-sister. She was late coming home. It was my fault, apparently. Said I should've known that she was gonna be late. That I should've *been more responsible*." He snorted and rolled his eyes. "Then he hit me. And I hit him back. Then he hit me again. So I did, too."

Steve nodded as Billy spoke, scratching words into the paper. "And then?"

"He got his hands around my throat and I broke a lamp over his head. We ended up in the hallway. He punched me in the face, I pushed him down the stairs."

"Who got the gun out?"

"Him."

“Why?”

“I picked up the fire poker.”

“Who shot first?”

“Me.”

“How?”

“We fought over the gun. Susan was screaming. I told Max to get out. She left, and we were still fighting.”

“How did the gun go off?”

Billy grinned again. He looked demonic. Steve ignored the uncomfortable ball forming in his belly. “He grabbed it from my hand and I turned it around. He grabbed my throat again. Then I pulled the trigger.”

“On purpose.”

“I plead the fifth.”

Steve raised his eyebrows. “I’m your lawyer.”

Billy sucked on his lower lip, breaking open the split. Fresh blood spilled over, a drop sliding down his chin. He wiped it away with the back of his hand. “Don’t look like a lawyer.”

“Well, I was out with friends. I wasn’t expecting to work tonight,” Steve said. “I passed the bar.”

“Where’d you go to school?”

“Notre Dame.”

Billy grinned again, wicked. “You a good Catholic boy, Mr Harrington?”

Steve eyed his mouth. Red stained his teeth. He looked like an animal. Steve was beginning to think Billy Hargrove *was* an animal. “I’m not a boy.”

"But are you a good Catholic?" Billy asked again, folding his fingers together and leaning forward, hands setting on table. "Go to church every Sunday, say grace before dinner?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes, then," Steve said. "Church on the important days, grace when my grandmother's over."

"What about sex?"

Steve stared. "What?"

"Premarital sex. A sin or not? What about being gay?"

"This doesn't have anything to do with anything, Mr Hargrove."

Billy's tongue touched his upper lip. Steve stared harder, swallowing down the lump in his throat. "I'm asking."

Steve cleared his throat. "No and no. Can we get back to the questions?"

"We can if you let me suck your cock."

"*What.*"

"Let me suck your cock and I'll answer all the questions you want."

"*That's* what you want?" Steve asked, skeptical. The kid had just killed his own father and he wanted to *blow him*?

Hopper owed him. Big fucking time.

"Yeah," Billy said brightly. He looked cheerful for the first time since Steve had sat down across from him. Setting his thumb against his bloody lower lip, he eyed Steve. It was vivacious and hot, and Steve shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

The kid was *dangerous*. Under all the blood and sweat and dirt, he was pretty, long hair that deserved to be yanked, eyes clear and

gorgeous, the kind that would look so good while they teared up, Steve's cock buried in his throat.

"You get out of this without being charged," Steve said, shoving the swelling desire from his mind, "I'll let you do whatever the hell you want."

Bright again, Billy grinned and said, "Okay."

It took another two hours to finish questioning Billy. "I'll be in touch," Steve said, swallowing down a yawn as he shuffled his papers in order and tucked his pen into his pocket.

He knocked on the door and watched as a police officer came in, unchaining Billy from the table and guiding him up. He stopped next to Steve, stumbling shortly when the cops stopped a moment later.

Billy bit his swollen lip, sucking on it and letting it slide free from his teeth slowly.

"I'll be seeing you, Mr Harrington."

2. hogtied like a rodeo

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's never made very good choices in life. Posting bail for his client, Billy, is probably the worst one he's made in a while

Teen charged with voluntary manslaughter in father's killing splashed across the Hawkins Gazette in the weeks that followed Billy's arrest. Susan's statements had tampered down a full-blown murder charge to involuntary manslaughter, but tacked on aggravated battery and reckless homicide.

Steve had been pleased until he had been charged as an adult and placed in an adult jail until court. Susan Mayfield may be willing to testify in court for her step-son, but she wasn't willing to pony up the money for his bail.

Steve hadn't been surprised. Neither had Nancy. Billy had been pissed enough to throw a chair across the room and land himself in solitary for two weeks.

He watched as Billy stiffly sat down. There was a bruise, purple and yellowing on the edges, peeking under his collar. Steve had watched the bruises from the night of his father's murder fade away over a month, until there was nothing but unblemished skin, smooth again.

"I heard you got into a fight," he said, rubbing his jaw, elbow propped on the table.

Billy snorted. "Where'd you hear that?"

"I have people."

"Bullshit. Who'd you bribe?"

"The Sheriff."

Billy leaned back in his chair, slow and as stiff as before, folding his arms across his chest. "You're a shitty liar."

Steve bit back a smile and dropped his hand, fingers tapping an uneven rhythm on the table. Hopper had told him voluntarily, over beers and burgers the week before. “That would make me a piss-poor lawyer, wouldn’t it?”

“You *are* a piss-poor lawyer,” Billy said. He sounded sullen, without edge, without bite to his words. Steve had endured worse from him since the first night they’d met, every time they met. Billy always had something sharp to say. This was lackluster.

Steve leaned forward. “You want to tell me what happened?”

Billy shook his head, looking down at the table.

“You sure?” he asked, head tipping to the side.

Billy’s eyes darted to the side, to where the prison guard was stationed near the door, keeping a watchful eye over the visitation room. It was quick, a jerk to the side and then back to focusing on the uneven chips across the wooden table.

“Billy.”

“Yeah?” he said, and his voice sounded rusty.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?”

He shook his head again.

“*Can* you tell me what happened?”

Billy licked his lips. It was nothing like before. Before, it was provocative, a demand for Steve to *look* at his mouth, to focus on something on Billy he shouldn’t. He’d always known what he was doing when it was just Steve in the room. Taunting him, beckoning him to take a taste of forbidden fruit. Steve was a good Catholic boy, through in through, and he knew where Eve and Adam had ended up.

He licked his lips like a child of uncertainty. He’d lost weight since he’d gotten to jail, the loud orange jumpsuit loose around his arms.

When he bit his lip and looked up at Steve through the fringe of too-long hair and shook his head, Steve was reminded that, in some ways, Billy still was a kid, too young to take care of himself.

“Okay,” Steve said softly, placing his hand palm-down on the table between them, fingers spread. “You can tell me if you want. If you need to.”

Billy looked to the guard again, a nervous bob of his Adam’s apple as he swallowed. Hesitant, like a wounded and frightened animal, he slipped a hand from under his arm and set it on the table, an inch from Steve’s. What felt like a lifetime passed between them before Billy nudged his pinky against Steve’s index finger, the barest hint of skin contact before Steve was pulling away.

There was a bruise on Billy’s wrist, darker than the one on his shoulder, circling his skin like a cuff.

He cleared his throat. “Tell me about school.”

Later, when Billy and the others had been ushered out of the visitation room and Steve had signed out at the front office, Steve stepped outside into the chilly air, phone to his ear.

“Hey, dad? I need a favour.”

Susan didn’t want him. It hadn’t surprised Steve, even if it had made everything all the more complicated. By the time he had filed the paperwork and been approved, and his father had lectured him about loans at least twenty times, another two months had passed, and Steve had almost given up on the entire process.

Curfew at six, no alcohol, no drugs, mandatory testing every two weeks. He had to be in school. The Hawkins High didn’t want him, but the Internet had improved since Steve had been in school, and there were plenty on correspondence schools.

Billy couldn’t leave the county, a condition Steve had been aware of when he’d first filed the paperwork and stood next to him at the bail

hearing. The house he rented on the outskirts of town wasn't a strain when he subletted his apartment in Indianapolis

"Why are you doing this?" Nancy had asked, wary as she'd helped unpack his things.

"I don't know," he'd said, because he didn't. She'd given him one of those patented Wheeler looks; the one that said *you poor fuck* without saying anything at all.

"Here's your key," Steve said, holding out the key ring to Billy. He eyed it like poison, fingers slow to pluck it from Steve's hand.

He hadn't said much of anything when Steve had picked him up. Dressed in what he'd walked into jail in, he looked more like the kid who'd sat across from Steve in at the station. It was better. It was a start.

"I'm tired," Billy said as he tucked the key into his pocket.

"Yeah, sure," Steve said, and stepped away from the kitchen island, pointing up the stairs and to the right. "On the right, beside the bathroom. Susan dropped off some of your things. If you want anything else, just let me know. I'll get it the next time I'm in town."

Billy shot him a look, something Steve couldn't decipher. "Okay," he said, and trudged past him and up the stairs, slow and careful.

When he was gone, Steve put on a pot of coffee and stared out the kitchen window.

Nancy had been right. He *was* a poor fuck.

3. fetish

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's starting to think Billy is Eve in disguise. Billy disagrees; he's the serpent.

The problem with Billy, Steve learned quickly, was that he knew exactly what he was doing.

The first few weeks living with Billy had been quiet. He'd hid in his room for most of it, doing what Steve hoped was homework on the laptop he'd bought second-hand for him but hadn't been willing to disturb his peace to check. Billy had been through enough, Steve had reasoned to himself. He could have a few weeks of readjusting to life outside jail and living with his lawyer.

By the second week, Billy crept from his room in the early hours of the morning to share a pot of coffee with him before he left for work. On weekends, they went into town, aware of the heavy eyes on Billy's back when they argued over whether Count Chocula was actually part of a balanced breakfast. They spent lazy afternoons in front of the fireplace, Steve on his computer, batting Billy away from his work files, clearly labeled *confidential*.

"You're my lawyer, aren't you? So why can't I see?" Billy asked, picking at the edge of a manila folder.

Steve smacked his hand away and snatched it from his reach. "You're not my only client."

Billy looked put out, as if it hadn't occurred to him that Steve had other cases to work on. The two hour commute to Indianapolis was hell on his car and wallet, and Marcus, his boss, hadn't been pleased when he'd announced the move.

It wasn't as if he'd hidden his job from Billy. It wasn't like Billy didn't know.

"Whatever," he said, and turned away from Steve, feigning interest in

the old *Friends* rerun playing on the TV, eyes fixed like a nail in the wall.

Steve watched him, the stubborn tilt of his chin, the way his jaw tensed. He sighed, setting the folder next to him on the couch and went back to work.

Billy stopped wearing clothes after that. Steve found him in the living room, shirtless and in a pair of sweats slung so low on his hips Steve thought they might slip off. Damp with sweat and skin flushed with a dusky pink, hair he refused to cut scraped back from his face,

He dropped his bag onto the chair, eyes flicking to the clock. He was late again. Standing still, he waited for Billy to say something. When he didn't, he asked, "What are you doing?"

Billy looked up, as if only realizing Steve had appeared. It made something in Steve's mouth itch. He grinned and licked his lower lip, setting his phone down on the coffee table. "Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yeah, nothing," Billy said. He wiped sweat off his brow with the back of his hand. Steve watched the muscles under his skin shift, stretching with his movements. "You're home late."

"I was stuck at the office." Steve watched Billy drop his hand and take a step forward. He'd put on weight since he'd gotten out of jail; the V dipping below the edge of his waistband was more pronounced, sharp between his hipbones, beckoning the eye downward.

He swallowed and forced his eyes up. Taut across Billy's mouth was a smile, as sharp as the lines between hips.

They stared at each other, Steve still, Billy touching his tongue to the corner of his mouth, taunting him.

"I'm going to bed," Steve said abruptly, shedding his coat as he left the living room and headed up the stairs.

He locked the bedroom door behind him. For his own sake or Billy's, he didn't know.

Through sleep-blurry eyes, Steve watched as Billy picked the lock on his door and slipped into his room. Stripped down to his boxers, hair loose, lit up by the moonlight slanting through the half-closed curtains, he looked like something Steve wanted to sink his teeth into.

“What are you doing?” Steve asked around a yawn as Billy set a bare knee onto the bed. Steve rolled over onto his back, shoving himself up onto an elbow.

“Collecting,” Billy said, pushing the covers to the side.

Steve yanked them back in place. “Collecting what?”

Billy grinned and leaned down, setting a hand on Steve’s knee over the sheets. His thigh twitched. “You said I could have what I wanted.”

“You have *three* felonies.”

“So?”

“I said if you got off without a charge,” Steve said, letting go of the clutch he had on the blanket, reaching over to curl his fingers around Billy’s wrist. “You were charged. You lost.”

Billy started to slide his hand upward, fingers catching on the edge of the blanket at Steve’s hip. Steve squeezed his wrist, hard. “Billy,” he said, a warning.

“I know you want me to.” Billy shuffled closer, nudging his knee against Steve’s. “You’ve wanted me to since that night. I see the way you look at me.”

He could feign ignorance or innocence, but it would be a lie Billy would cut through with another well-placed twist of his tongue against his lips. Deny, deny, deny; lie, lie, lie—but he’d done a poor job of hiding the way his eyes wandered over Billy when he stepped out of the shower, when he stripped off after a run, when he stretched out on the floor in front of the fire and his shirt rode up on his belly.

Steve had thought he'd done a good job of dancing around it, at least.

"You still lost," Steve said, giving Billy's wrist pointed squeeze.

"Okay. You can do whatever you want to me."

Steve dropped his wrist. "That's not what I meant."

"But it's what you want."

"What I want doesn't matter."

Billy paused and then smiled, setting a hot palm to Steve's bare chest, giving a hard shove. Steve let him push, elbows sliding out from under him, back hitting the mattress. He watched him, wary.

"So you *do* want me," Billy said, climbing on top, straddling him, thighs pressed tight to his sides. Steve grabbed his hips, thumbs pressing into the enticing lines of muscle. Billy was hot everywhere, it seemed, skin-on-skin contact enough to brand Steve from the inside out.

Billy leaned down, shoving his hips down hard against Steve's cock, nose bumping against Steve's. "You want me. Just admit it."

Steve grunted, nails biting into Billy's flesh. "I thought you already knew that."

"I wanna hear it."

"Too bad."

"C'mon," Billy murmured, breath brushing over Steve's lips as he spoke. "Just say it."

"*Billy.*"

"Steve," he said, a smile in his voice.

Steve flipped them over, curling his fingers in the band of Billy's boxers, yanking them down his thighs to his knees before he could catch his breath. He had them off, tossing them to the floor, when

Billy grabbed for him, scrambling at his shoulders to pull him down.

They met in a harsh slant of lips, teeth and tongues, hands roaming across the expanse of Steve's shoulders. Steve hooked his palms under Billy's thighs, pulling up until Billy's knees rested on the crooks of his elbows.

Billy moaned under his mouth, nails scratching over his scalp, fingers tight in his hair. He tasted like mint and cigarettes Steve hadn't bought him; he tasted like bad intentions and desire and *want*. Underneath him, Billy became a wild thing, sucking on his tongue, teeth scraping over his lip, rocking up until his half-hard cock pressed against Steve's belly.

"Get back here," he snapped, rough and thick, when Steve pulled away. Steve laughed, leaning down to press a kiss above Billy's bellybutton, tongue dipping in. Billy shoved at his shoulder, pushing him down. Steve laughed again, freeing his hands and pinning Billy's to the bed.

He pressed a kiss over the thatch of blond hair, nosing down to kiss above the base of his cock. "Hands above your head."

Billy looked down and blinked. "What?"

"Hands above your head. Keep them there," Steve said, licking over the soft skin at the crease of his thigh, eyes on Billy. He stared for a moment longer, and then his hands drifted up, wrapping around the bars of the bed frame.

"Good boy," Steve murmured. Billy sucked in a sharp breath, head falling back against the pillows. Pressing another kiss to the base of his cock, tongue leaving a wet trail over the length, Steve settled his palms on Billy's thighs, pushing them flat to the bed.

He tongued at the fat head until Billy's thighs twitched and his hips jerked. He licked at the foreskin, nudged it down with his mouth, dipped his tongue into the slit. He sucked down the length, on the sensitive underside, laving spit over the head and down to the base, tongue slipping down to drag across his balls.

Billy moaned, and then whined, and finally—*finally*—he whimpered and said, “*Please.*”

His hands stayed above his head, firmly around the metal bars of the bed.

Pleased, Steve kissed the tip of his cock and looked up. “Please what?” he asked. His lips brushed butterfly kisses over the wet head. Billy swallowed, Adam’s apple bobbing.

Billy’s hips twitched again, thighs tensing under Steve’s palms. “*Please,*” he said, husky and thick, the edge of a whine caught in his throat.

“Please *what?*” Steve asked again, scraping his nails across the delicate skin of his thighs.

“Suck my cock.” Definitely a whine now, high and thin.

Steve smiled and licked the head. “Say please. Put it together.”

Billy exploded, frustrated and desperate, trying to jerk his hips up into Steve’s mouth. Steve held him down, nails scoring half-moon marks into his skin. “Please, *God*, please, Steve, I’ll do anything—I’ll do anything you *want*, just please suck my cock.”

Despite it all, his hands stayed on the bed frame.

Steve sucked him down to the root, breathing through his nose until his nose was buried against Billy’s pubic hair, eyes closed as he focused. It hurt in that good way it always did, *not enough* teetering on the cusp of *too much* filling his mouth, abusing his throat.

It felt good. It always did.

He bobbed his head, slow and sure, Billy’s cock barely leaving his throat. The noises spilling from Billy were better. High and needy, trapped between something broken and something mended, he twisted underneath Steve’s hands, hips pushing up into the head of his mouth. He choked, and with a noise of discontent, Steve steeled an arm across Billy’s hips, shoving him hard into the mattress, free hand clutching to the inside of his thigh, nails biting into his skin in a

warning.

His thighs trembled, little minute cants of his hips he couldn't seem to help pushing against the weight of Steve's arm. He could forgive Billy for that, allow him the slightest give. There were restraints, leather and soft, impossible to break from, hidden in a duffel bag in his drawer for the kind of stillness Steve wanted.

For later. Much later.

He heard Billy's orgasm before it came. His breath picked up, hitching in his throat; his thighs strained beneath Steve's hand and he made tiny, broken noises, so desperate that Steve almost gave in.

Pulling off his cock abruptly, he buried his face against Billy's thigh, the shakes shiver through him, heard the desperate, pleading sounds spilling from his lips.

"I—I'm—I can't—"

Steve shushed him, kissed his thigh and looked up at him, resting his cheek against his hip. Pupils blown, eyes wide, Billy stared at him, hair a tangled, wild mess around him. His hands shook where they clutched the bed frame.

"Don't talk," he said, and kissed his thigh again, arm still holding him down. "Just feel it."

Billy shook through it until he trembled, and then shivered, the muscles of his thighs tensing of their own accord, cock dripping precome from the head. Steve let him be, nuzzling the crease of his thigh until his breathing slowed.

"Better?" he asked, glancing up at Billy again. He nodded, chest heaving in the aftermath.

He wanted to do worse to him. Steve wanted to take him apart with his hands and mouth and tongue, set him on the brink of orgasm again and again, until he couldn't speak anything but Steve's name—and then he wanted to take him apart again, leave him teetering on edge until he forgot not only his own name but Steve's and who he was and where he lay.

It would be too much. Steve knew that. Too much too soon. He wanted to take Billy apart, not break him.

He curled his fingers around Billy's cock, fingers a tight ring, stroking up. Billy made a noise in his throat, strangled and wanton. Steve jerked his cock, thumb sliding over the tip and rolling down the foreskin, dipping underneath to touch the sensitive head. Precome dripped down the head. Steve smeared it down, spitting on the head when the friction became too much, wrist twisting with each upstroke, fingers a tight circle pulling the orgasm from Billy.

He felt it like before. Billy's cock tensed and twitched, and Steve ducked down to seal his lips around the tip, stroking the same steady rhythm.

Come, hot and salty, on the edge of something almost-sweet, caught on his tongue as he stroked Billy through, until his hips were shuddering with *too much* and he made soft, broken noises that sounded like Steve's name.

Sitting up, Steve leaned over Billy, cupping his chin in his hand and slanting his lips across his. Billy kissed him, sluggish and a beat off. Steve pushed at his lips with his tongue, until Billy opened his mouth and Steve coaxed Billy's own come into his mouth.

He made a noise of surprise against Steve's mouth. Steve's fingers trailed down his jaw to his neck, palm splayed heavily across Billy's throat. Stroking his Adam's apple with his thumb, he kissed Billy as Billy swallowed, and kissed him longer after, until the traces of himself were gone from his tongue and Billy was lax beneath him, hands slipping from around the posts to rest on Steve's shoulders

Steve didn't say anything as he rolled off of Billy, pulling him close to his chest. He could feel Billy's heart beating against his sweat-damp skin, warm and strong. Arms closing around him, Steve kissed the top of Billy's head, setting his chin there.

"Go to sleep," he said softly, shifting his thigh over Billy's leg, pulling him closer.

Billy made a noncommittal noise and burrowed his nose against

Steve's throat.

In the morning they could talk about it, Steve decided. He'd deal with everything in the morning.

4. in the morning light

Summary for the Chapter:

There's a fine line between right and wrong, and Steve obliterates it with yet another really bad life choice.

Early morning light glittered through the frostbitten window, sparkling like a thousand diamonds splattered across the glass. Steve clamped his eyes shut, turning away from the light. His nose brushed against Billy's temple, mouth caught in the tangle of his hair.

Billy made a noise in his sleep, unhappy and deep, and shuffled closer, lips pressing tight against the line of Steve's jaw. He settled after a moment, falling back into undisturbed rest.

He was naked, pressed tight to Steve's body, legs tangled together, Steve's knee fitted between his thighs. If he wanted to—and he did, the urge there, hot and rushing to the surface of his sleep-thick mind—he could rut against Billy's cock, press skin to skin and get him hard. It probably wouldn't take much. Morning and teenage hormones made for a dangerous combination.

He should get up. Leave Billy to his bed and go downstairs, drink an entire pot of coffee to himself and sort out the fuck up he'd made. It was a violation of trust, a breach of whatever precarious relationship he'd built with Billy in the past few months. He was his lawyer, his technical guardian, the person who made sure he did his homework and didn't violate his bail terms.

He was fucked. Extraordinarily fucked. The kind of fucked that got him fired and ruined the careful reputation he'd built for himself. The kind of fucked that could land him in prison.

Swallowing, he cracked his eyes open, squinting until they adjusted to the brightness. Billy breathed against his jaw, warm puffs of air that felt comforting in a way it shouldn't. Warm and solid, tucked against the curve of Steve's body. Bringing Billy home had felt good. Having him safe in his bed felt better.

Gently, he extracted himself from Billy's grip, pausing on the edge of the bed when Billy murmured something unintelligible and rolled onto his front, face buried in Steve's pillow. The sheets had rucked down in their sleep, blue fabric caught under the swell of Billy's ass.

Steve studied him, following the curve of his spine, the slope and flare where it met his hips, the strength in the shape of his thighs. Dark blond hair dusted his thighs. Scars, small and innocuous, splattered across his sun-kissed skin, white lines and dots marring smooth skin. He could connect them like stars on a map, use the tip of his tongue, lick off the taste of them and swallow them whole.

He tiptoed across the room, closing the door gently behind him. Downstairs, he pulled a sweater from the laundry room and started a fire, watching flames flicker across old newspaper. It crackled to life and warmed Steve's skin from where he crouched. It felt like a chill compared to Billy's skin.

By the time Steve was halfway through his third cup of coffee and debating between an omelet and toast, Billy trudged down the stairs.

Naked.

Steve blinked. "You own clothes."

"I do," Billy said around a yawn. He stopped in the middle of the kitchen, stretching his arms above his head, spine arching. Steve watched, enthralled.

"You could put them on."

"Why?"

"Normal people wear clothes when it's this cold out."

Billy grinned, soft around the edges, sleep still in his eyes. "Lose the pants and we can go back to bed."

Steve wanted to reach out and draw him close, breathe in his scent and work a mark onto his throat for the world to see. Instead, he turned away and topped up his coffee. "I have work."

When Billy didn't respond, Steve hazarded a glance over his shoulder. Naked still, arms crossed over his chest, a scowl fixed firmly on his mouth, Billy looked less soft, more sharp and angry.

Jerking his eyes back to his coffee, he said, "Don't look at me like that."

"You can't take it back," Billy said, as sharp as the look on his face. Hard, ground out. Steve hadn't forgotten what Billy could be like when he was mad.

Maybe he should have hidden the chairs before Billy woke.

"I'm not taking anything back." He set the spoon down against the edge of the sink and left his cup on the counter. He turned to face Billy. "We need to talk about last night."

"You're trying to take it back."

"No, I'm not," Steve said, soft and careful.

Billy sneered, hackles raised like a wayward street dog cornered. "Don't lie to me. You know I fucking hate that."

"I said we need to *talk*."

"Yeah, so you can take it *back*."

Steve leaned his hip against the counter and sighed. "I can't take it back any more than you can. You got a time machine I don't know about?"

His scowl deepened, hands dropping to his sides and he took a predatory step forward. "You know what I mean. You're gonna say it can't happen again."

"It shouldn't. I'm your lawyer and your guard—"

"So?" Billy interrupted. "It's not like you're my father."

"That's not the point—"

“It is.”

“It isn’t!” Steve snapped, and then sighed, rubbing a hand down the side of his face. “You’re a kid. You don’t know what you’re doing.”

“Don’t pull that shit on me. I haven’t been a kid in a long time.”

Steve laughed, listless. “You say that now, but in a year? Five? You’ll know differently.”

Anger radiated off Billy like a flame. It was what he was—a spark, full of heat and energy, friction that set everything around him on fire. His father, his grades, Steve’s entire life. He’d set every inch of Steve Harrington on fire from the moment they’d locked eyes.

The worst part was he probably didn’t even know it.

Billy took angry steps forward, hands balled into fists at his sides. Steve eyed them warily, leaning back against the counter.

“What do you want me to do, huh?” Billy demanded, stopping an inch from Steve. “You wanna wait until I’m eighteen? I’ll be in prison before that. Or, better yet,” he said, a grin that bordered on hysterical spreading across his face, “why don’t I go find someone else to fuck me? I bet there’s someone in this backwoods fucking town who’d wanna. Would that be better? If it’s not you—”

Fisting a hand in Billy’s hair, Steve yanked his head back, exposing his throat, spine arching with the shock. Steve slanted his lips across his, hard and rough, teeth clacking together with the force. Fingers cradling the base of his skull, he kissed Billy until he was breathless, until the tension wringing through his body had loosened a notch and he fell against Steve’s chest, hands settled on his hips.

He kissed him after, too, slow and easy, sucking on his bottom lip, teeth scraping over the flesh. When Steve drew back, spit slicked Billy’s lip. He licked it off, dropping a kiss as soft as butterfly wings where his tongue had been.

Hand still cradling his skull, Steve slipped his thumb down to rub slow, tight circles underneath Billy’s ear. “Don’t do that,” he said, as soft as the kiss he’d laid on Billy’s lips. “Don’t fuck with my head like

that. You touch someone else—you let someone else touch you—and I won't ever touch you again. I won't let you near me. Got it?"

Billy swallowed, eyes glassy, a haze of calm. He nodded. "Yeah," he said, husky. "I got it."

Steve smiled and kissed him again, cupping Billy's jaw with his free hand, the pad of his thumb sliding across the cut of his cheekbone. Billy leaned into him, fingers playing with the hem of his sweater, dipping beneath to touch across Steve's belly, trails of liquid heat across his skin. He caught the trail of hair leading down between his fingers and tugged.

Steve laughed against his mouth. "Go put some pants on."

"Why?"

"We need to talk."

Nose wrinkling, Billy leaned back, pressing his palm flat to Steve's stomach, thumb dipping into his navel. "*Why?*"

"It's not bad," Steve assured him, setting a kiss to the corner of his mouth, hand sliding free from his hair. He cupped the nape of Billy's neck and squeezed. "We gotta talk about last night. About what we did."

"Why?" Billy asked again, hand making a slow crawl up Steve's chest. Steve pinned his hand, leaving it immobile.

"Because I want to do more of that to you, but we gotta talk about it," he said, and then added, "And you're very distracting when you're not wearing clothes."

Billy grinned. "We could go back to bed instead."

"We can do that later. Clothes," Steve said, and pulled Billy's hand free from his shirt. "I'll let you sit on my lap if it makes you feel better."

Billy laughed, head tipping back, white teeth gleaming under the kitchen lights. He kissed Steve, hard and quick, hand tight on his hip.

Pulling back, mouth still full of joy, he walked off to the stairs, taking two at a time.

Steve put on a fresh pot of coffee, a hint of a smile on his face.

5. negotiation tactics

Summary for the Chapter:

In which Steve attempts to be a good Dom and Billy doesn't even know what that means.

Steve drank his coffee on the couch, watching the snow drift outside. Billy came down the stairs, loud thuds because he was never quiet, and plucked the mug from Steve's hand.

"Hey," Steve said mildly, reaching for the cup as Billy set it down on the table.

Billy grinned, clad in sweatpants that were *definitely* Steve's, and climbed into his lap. Hands on his shoulders, thighs pressed tight to Steve's, lips nudging against his. Steve smiled against his mouth, hands curling around Billy's hips and down, gripping his ass.

Making an interested noise in his throat, Billy rocked his hips down. Steve laughed, squeezing his ass, fingers digging in.

"Not yet," he said, and licked his lips as he leaned back. Billy tried to kiss him again. Steve bit his lower lip, hard, one hand smacking the junction where Billy's thigh met his ass sharply.

Billy blinked, mouth dropping open.

Steve paused, wondering if he'd gone too far. He was already going to Hell—do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars—but he didn't want to *push*. For months they'd been dancing around each other, Steve being careful to keep his distance and Billy pushing so hard that Steve thought he might strain himself. It would be bad for him, Steve knew, because he'd called a psychologist or six before Billy had come to live with him.

I'd guess post-traumatic stress disorder, more than one had said. A quick Google search had led Steve to a WebMD page that had barely made sense to him at the time.

He petted the flesh he'd hit through Billy's sweats. "Okay?" he asked

when Billy didn't say anything.

Billy nodded, resting his elbows on Steve's shoulders. "Is that what you wanna do to me? Spank me?"

"Do you want me to?"

"I asked you first."

Steve kissed him again, tugging him closer. He slid across Steve's lap easily. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable. If you don't want to do something, we won't do it."

Billy gave Steve a look, mouth pinched. "I'm asking if you want to spank me, asshole. Do you?"

"I think about it, yeah. Especially when you're being mouthy."

Billy sucked in a breath and grinned. "Wanna put me over your knee?"

"All the time," Steve admitted.

"What else?" he asked, hips shifting, leaning forward until his nose touched Steve's.

"I'm not going to talk dirty to you."

Billy made a face and leaned back. "Why not?"

"We're supposed to be negotiating."

"Negotiating what?"

Steve sighed, patting Billy's hip and giving him a gentle nudge. "You should probably get off so we can talk."

Tightening his thighs, he grabbed at Steve's shoulders, holding himself on his lap. He raised an eyebrow. "I can listen just fine from here."

"You never listen," Steve said, and snapped the waistband of Billy's sweats. "Case in point. You're still on my lap."

“It’s comfy.”

“We need to talk,” Steve insisted.

“And I can listen from here,” Billy said again, stubborn.

He could, if he wanted to, twist them around and pin Billy down to the couch, hold him there while they talked—but even Steve knew it was useless. Billy under him, squirming, hotheaded as usual, was more than he could bear to think about. The reality would end in sex and no talking.

And they *needed* to talk, he reminded himself.

“Fine. Last night, what we did—“

Billy grinned. “Fucking good, wasn’t it?”

“If you interrupt me again, I’m going to spank you and send you to your room.”

Billy paused and then said, eyes bright and mouth devious, “Okay.”

Steve dropped his head back against the couch, eyes closed. He groaned. “You’re impossible. I’m trying to be serious here.”

“I’m trying to get fucked here.”

“I can tell.”

“So fuck me.”

“If you let me get through this conversation, I’ll do anything you want,” he said, cracking open one eye.

Billy leaned forward, eyes still too bright to be anything but scheming. “Anything?” he repeated.

“Almost anything,” Steve amended.

Lips pursed to the side, Billy pretended to think it over, nodding after a moment.

Thoughts fluttering in his brain, Steve scrambled for how to start. Conversations like this were easy, because most of his sex partners were picked up at bars and clubs specifically tailored to his tastes. He liked pretty subs, men and women, with big eyes and soft mouths; he liked subs that already knew what they wanted and liked.

“How many people have you slept with?” Steve asked, regretting the question immediately. He didn’t want to *know*. Not really. The image of Billy, limbs tangled with someone else’s, body moving under someone else’s touch, burned through his mind. It tasted bitter.

He’d always been the jealous type. Steve liked his things to stay his, and he’d never done well with sharing.

Billy leaned back and frowned. “A couple,” he said. “Why?”

“Was it...vanilla? The sex?”

“Vanilla?”

“Jesus,” he said under his breath, and put his hands on Billy’s hips, gently pushing him to the side. He went willingly this time, sliding off Steve’s lap onto the cushion beside him, frown fixed firmly on his face. “Listen, Billy, I like what I like, and I like being a Dominant.”

Billy blinked and Steve continued. “Do you know what that means?”

“Like *Fifty Shades of Grey*?”

“Well, sort of.”

“So you *do* wanna spank me.”

“You’re not helping, Billy.”

“I don’t get what the big deal is,” he said.

“That’s what makes it worse.” Steve dragged a hand down his face. “It’s more than sex. I want your control. I want you to give that up to me. Dominance, submission—that’s the core of it. The bondage and the kinks and everything else is secondary. You get that, right?”

When he looked up, Billy was biting his lip. He looked less challenging, more uncertain. "I don't see the big deal," he said again. It sounded like a lie to Steve.

"Then maybe we shouldn't do this at all."

"Wait—" Billy pushed himself back, pushing his hair off his forehead with a glare. "So, what, unless I let you hit me you won't fuck me?"

"I wouldn't hit you," Steve said, lacing his fingers together to keep from reaching out to touch him. "I don't ever want to hit you. It's not like that."

"Then I don't see the big deal."

"You keep saying that. I think it's a problem."

"Well, I don't."

"I know you don't."

Billy's glare sharpened, eyes narrowing. "You're not making much fucking sense."

Sucking on his teeth, Steve nodded. "Probably not, but I've never had to explain this to someone before."

"Oh, so you've done this before?" Billy said, snarky and sulky.

"I'm not a virgin," Steve said dryly. "I've done this a lot."

"So teach me."

"I've never done that."

Billy wrinkled his nose. "Is it hard?"

Steve thought back—it probably wasn't. Patience was necessary, the kind that Steve didn't typically have when it came to hookups and quick fucks in play rooms. He liked the kind of sex where aftercare didn't involve too much. Like using Tinder, but with more bondage, he liked his play casual.

Liked, because he was busy with his career. Even Nancy told him he needed to put down the whips and chains and try dating. Something long term, something more challenging than whatever he was craving for the night.

Billy was already an ongoing test of his patience.

“Think about it,” Steve said finally. “Take the day and think about it. You can’t lie to me, if we do this. You can’t keep things to yourself anymore. It doesn’t work that way.”

He’d seen it go bad firsthand. Billy didn’t need something else to go wrong in his life, another mark on his skin that he couldn’t scrub off. If he was another mark on Billy’s life, Steve didn’t think he could forgive himself for it.

“Fine,” Billy said, shifting onto his knees and climbing back onto his lap.

Steve raised his eyebrows. “You’re supposed to be thinking about it.”

“I am,” Billy said, and settled himself across Steve’s thighs, fingers curling into his hair. “But we can still make out, right?”

With a laugh, Steve wrapped his arms around Billy’s waist and turned him over onto his back, mouth slanted across his.

6. liability

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy picks a safe word and Steve makes another bad choice.

“So...”

Steve looked down at where Billy lay sprawled on his chest, fingers twisting in the hem of Steve’s shirt. He raised an eyebrow. “So?”

“How long you been doing this?”

“Doing what?”

Billy gave him a look. “Being a kinky fucker.”

Steve smiled and carded his fingers into Billy’s hair, tugging until Billy shifted up. Pliant beneath his touch, Steve kissed him, sucking on his bottom lip until Billy whimpered into his mouth. He rocked against him, leg sliding over Steve’s hip until he straddled him.

His mouth was shiny and red when Steve pulled away. He licked his lips and grinned. “So?”

“I had a girlfriend who liked to tie me up.” He ran his fingers through Billy’s hair, brushing strands out of his eyes and off his forehead. “My college roommate liked when I tied him up. I liked doing that better than being tied up. It went on from there.”

Leaning into his touch, eyes half-closed, Billy asked, “What else?”

“What else what?”

“You didn’t just get tied up and that was it. What else?”

Steve rubbed tight circles under Billy’s ear with his thumb. “There was a club. Went a couple times. I just wanted to figure it out at first. Started playing with some of the experienced subs, made a couple friends.”

“Someone taught you?”

Billy tipped his head down, chin resting against Steve’s chest. The angle had to be awkward on Billy’s neck. Steve cupped his jaw, tilting his head until his cheek sat flush with his sternum.

“Yeah.”

“What do you wanna teach me?”

Steve paused, hand still on Billy’s cheek. The first night he’d met Billy, Steve had put the invitation from his mind. Wild and unpredictable, with his father’s blood still under his fingernails, it was easy to pretend the offer to suck his cock hadn’t been thrown on the table in the first place. The longer he spent with him, the more he thought about it.

Billy, on his knees, wrists tied behind his back and to the rope connecting his ankles together. Eyes wide, lust-blown, saliva spilling from his lips as he choked down Steve’s cock, immobilized in place by Steve’s hands curled in his hair.

Billy, on his back in Steve’s four-poster bed, hands bound by leather straps above his head, spreader bar between his ankles. Blind folded, because Steve could never help himself; bright red wax dripping over Billy’s skin, slipping over a nipple and down the curve of his ribs.

Billy, underneath him, knees hooked on Steve’s shoulders, fingers scrambling for purchase on his back as Steve fucked into him. Each thrust shoved Billy up a notch higher on the bed, sheets bunching beneath his hips.

Billy, naked in his bed, tangled up in his arms.

“A lot,” Steve said, hand slipping into Billy’s hair again. “Maybe some things that might freak you out.”

“Like what?”

“You ask a lot of questions.”

“You don’t answer a lot of them.”

Wedging an arm beneath him, Steve pushed himself up. Billy followed, grabbing the back of the couch to pull himself up, frowning.

Steve chewed on the inside of his mouth, hand settling on Billy's shoulder. "I want you to trust me. I don't think you can give me that."

The scowl was immediate. "I trust you!"

"No," Steve said, not unkindly, "you don't."

"I wouldn't fucking be here if I didn't."

Steve leaned back against the arm of the couch. "You're here because you don't have another option."

The scowl deepened. His eyes bled unhappiness. Steve wanted to pull him close again. "So?" Billy said, an angry bite to the word.

"I'm not saying it to be an asshole. I'm saying it because it's the truth."

"Fuck you," he said, leaning back and away from Steve. He climbed off his lap, sitting on the cushion furthest from him.

Steve closed his eyes. "I didn't mean it like that."

"Then what *did* you mean?"

"Submission requires trust." When Billy didn't answer, he opened his eyes and sat up, swinging his legs off the side of the couch. "I'm not going to push you into giving me something you don't have. That's not fair."

Billy snorted and stood, reaching out to snap at the collar of Steve's shirt with his fingertips. "You can still fuck me."

"I'm going to." He'd made up his mind hours ago, between hot kisses and Billy's curious fingers.

Billy paused, head tilting. His eyes narrowed. "You're not allowed to

take that back.”

“I won’t,” Steve said. His mouth twitched around a smile.

His demeanor changed, like a switch being flipped. One moment sullen and angry, a pissed off teenager come to taunt him for his inability to string a sentence along—the next he was bright, sharp, mouth tipped up in a grin that looked joyful.

“Okay,” Billy said, and took Steve’s hand from where it lay on his lap, yanking until Steve stood.

Laughing, he let Billy drag him to the stairs. “*Now?*”

“Yeah, now, you dumbass. You’ve made me wait long enough.

Steve laughed louder. At the top of the stairs, he crowded Billy against the wall, hands pinned above his head. He kissed him, laughing when Billy tried to buck him off with his hips.

“*C’mo*n,” he whined, frustrated.

“Be patient,” Steve murmured into his mouth.

“I don’t want to. You could be fucking me *right now*.”

“Not yet.”

Steve kissed Billy hard, saliva slicking the way, fingers wound tight in his hair. Like a wild thing, Billy kissed back just as hard, all teeth and tongue, fingers knotted in the back of Steve’s shirt as if to haul him under his skin.

Husky and lust-thick, cock half-hard and pressed against Billy’s thigh, Steve gritted out, “Bedroom.”

They stripped the clothes off each other, leaving them in a tangled pile at their feet. Steve pushed Billy back toward the bed, and Billy grinned, sharp and hungry, eyes roaming over Steve’s body as he kneeled over him.

“You’re fucking hot,” Billy said.

“You’re beautiful,” Steve murmured, leaning down to press the flat of his tongue across a nipple, lower teeth catching across the nub. Billy moaned, fisting the hair at Steve’s nape, tugging hard.

“Shut up and fuck me.”

Steve laughed, peppering a trail of kisses across Billy’s chest to the other side, tongue sliding across Billy’s nipple, sucking it into his mouth and worrying across the skin with his teeth. Billy made a noise, high and thin, and jerked beneath him, spine arching.

Fingers yanked on Steve’s hair hard enough to hurt. He hissed out a laugh and sat up, turning Billy over onto his front. Billy rutted forward, grinding into the bed. Hand flat to the small of his back, Steve held him down.

“Stop being impatient.”

“Stop turning me on, then,” Billy snapped, head turning at an awkward angle to look at Steve. He was grinning, teeth white against the spreading across his skin.

Palms set on his ass, Steve’s thumbs slid down the dip, pulling his cheeks apart. His thumbs pressed against the edge of his rim. Billy made a noise from the back of his throat, hips lifting off the bed.

“Get on with it.”

He leaned down and kissed the base of Billy’s spine. “How many times have you done this?”

“I’m not a virgin.” He tensed under Steve’s hands, spitting the word out like venom.

Slipping a thumb down, he pressed against Billy’s hole, feeling the muscle clench against his skin. “That’s not what I asked.”

Billy shifted again, hips moving helplessly against the bed, rocking back into Steve’s touch. He stilled and made a noise in his throat, frustrated. “A couple times.”

“Did you like it?”

“I would if you just *got on with it*.”

“Remember what I said about communication?” Steve asked mildly, pressing a kiss to the top of Billy’s ass.

“You *suck*.”

He sunk his teeth into the plumpest part of Billy’s ass, biting hard enough to bruise. Billy yelped and jerked, knees pressing into the bed as if to buck Steve off. Teeth dug in, Billy twisted under him, a moan pouring from his lips as he grabbed at the sheets.

Two rows of red marks lined Billy’s skin. Steve kissed the marks, gentle, as if Billy were fine china.

“Do that again,” Billy ground out, low and lust-thick.

Grinning, he spread Billy’s legs apart, biting down into the delicate skin of the inside of his thigh. He hissed and sighed, muscles stretching and shifting under Steve’s hands as he sucked a dark mark into the skin. He sucked marks that would bruise in the morning across his skin, scattering them between tiny nips of his teeth and harder love bites. Billy trembled beneath him, little gasps caught in his throat mingling with moans, until his hips were flush to the bed, a rough drag-and-grind of his cock that left smears of precome on Steve’s sheets.

“*Please*,” Billy whined, choking on a gasp when Steve drew the flat of his tongue over his hole, nipping gently at the skin.

Kissing the junction where Billy’s thigh met his ass, Steve sat up, hands on Billy’s hips to nudge him onto his back. He went willingly. His cock was thick and flushed red, curved against his belly and wet at the tip. Steve ran his knuckles down the length. It twitched against him and Billy bucked up again, seeking his touch.

He bit back a smile. “You never answered me.”

Biting his lip, Billy uncoiled his fingers from their clench on the sheets, smoothing the creases he’d made out with his fingers. “What was the question?” he asked.

“When you had sex with—” He swallowed, fingers petting over Billy’s thighs to keep the contact, fingers gentle on the marks he’d bruised into Billy’s skin. Spread out beneath him, wanton and needy, Billy was a masterpiece. His dick ached and the heavy coil of lust pulled tighter in the pit of his stomach. “Do you like getting fucked?”

“Kinda.”

“Kinda?” Steve pressed his palm over the head of Billy’s cock, trapping it between his skin and Billy’s belly.

“It hurt,” he choked out, heels digging into the bed, shoving his hips up. The pink flush smarting his cheeks spread down to his chest, a pretty match to the brighter red Steve had left on his thighs. “I didn’t like that part.”

He leaned down and kissed Billy, mouth soft and wanting and just as desperate. Beneath him, Billy tasted like need and felt like Heaven; he slotted their cocks together, grinding down until Billy moaned into his mouth and pulled at his hair, writhing beneath him until his legs were wrapped around Steve’s waist.

Steve’s hands slipped down, cupping Billy’s ass in his hands, fingertips dipping in to touch his hole. Billy tensed under his touch, and Steve rubbed circles against his skin until he relaxed, rocking into his touch, back arching.

Rolling them onto their sides, Billy’s legs still wrapped about his hips, cocks sliding together, Steve reached across the bed to the table, fumbling with the drawer as he kissed Billy. He nipped his lip and pulled back, head lifting to peer into the drawer as he rummaged around.

“I want you to do something for me,” he said, sticky with want.

Billy hummed and kissed his throat, trailing his lips up to his jaw.

“Pick a safe word,” he said, plucking the bottle of lube from the drawer. “If you say stop, I’ll stop. I want you to pick one anyway.”

Billy kissed his mouth and leaned back, wedging a hand between their bodies to curl his fingers around Steve’s cock, running the

thumb over the head. His hips twitched. Grabbing Billy's hand, he pinned it to the bed and gave Billy a look. Billy grinned.

"Can it be anything?"

"Anything you wouldn't normally say in bed."

Billy grinned. "Pearlman."

The judge who had sent him to county jail popped into his mind, old and balding, looking like a humanized pug. Closing his eyes, Steve tried to hold back a smile. He failed. "You're terrible."

He nodded and rocked his hips forward, grinding their cocks together in reply.

Sucking in a breath, Steve grabbed Billy's thigh and hitched it higher on his hip. He popped the cap of the bottle and slicked his fingers.

Billy shivered and bit his lip. "Cold," he mumbled, raising his leg higher as Steve pressed his fingertips against his hole, nudging at the rim and rubbing in with tight circles.

"It'll warm up," he said, catching Billy's lips with his own.

The first finger slid in easily. Billy moaned, made little whimpers into Steve's mouth and pulled at his hair. He tensed on the second, hissed out a stuttered breath and an injured noise until Steve crooked his fingers, searching, rolling the pads of his fingertips against his prostate.

Billy jerked in his arms, hips canting up. His cock spat precome between them, smoothing the way when Steve rocked down, grinding.

"C'mon, c'mon, *c'mon*," he whined, mouthing down Steve's jaw to his neck, nails biting into his shoulder. It stung deliciously, his nerves alight.

"Not yet."

"Do you want me to beg?"

Steve smiled, tucking a third finger inside Billy to the first knuckle. "That might help."

Breath hot against Steve's ear, he slipped his leg higher on Steve's hip. "I'll let you fuck me bare."

Pausing, Steve said, "That wasn't what I meant."

He felt Billy smile against his ear. "I'm still offering."

"You shouldn't."

"I want to."

Amused, Steve twisted his fingers, pushing deep. Billy made a strangled noise. "Maybe later."

"Now," he groaned, hips working against his hand, cock sliding, sticky-slick at the head, between them. "Please, God, I'll do anything, just *fuck me*."

He pulled his fingers free, shoving up on an elbow to lean to the edge of the bed, reaching into the open drawer. Pulling a foil packet free from the box and tucking it between his teeth, he sat up, hands on Billy's hips to roll him on his back, spreading his thighs and manhandling himself between them. Billy spread himself out easily, shoving the pillow tucked awkwardly under one shoulder off the bed, knees pressed to Steve's sides.

Steve tore the wrapper open, spitting out the plastic and rolling the condom down his cock, fingers squeezing tight around the base, starving off the need. Splayed out under him, hair a messy tangle in his face and flushed from cheeks to sternum, he looked gorgeous. Steve told him, breath catching in his throat.

His cheeks darkened to a deep red, pupils lust-blown. "Shut up and fuck me."

Bent over Billy, mouth brushing tenderly over his, Steve pinned his hands down against the bed, fingers threaded together as he worked his cock inside him. Billy clenched and hissed, breathed stuttering moans into Steve's mouth, hips twisting to push and pull away.

Steve kissed him, soft and careful, bottoming out, hips pressed flush to Billy's ass and thighs pressed tight together. He felt Billy's toes curl.

"Good?" Steve murmured, shifting his fingers between Billy's.

He lifted his head to study Billy's face. Lips parted, eyes wide, he breathed heavily, throat working around words that didn't come out. Steve kissed him again, slow and deep and thorough, until he knew every inch of Billy's mouth with his tongue and teeth and lips. When he pulled back again, Billy rocked his hips up, fingers curling around Steve's.

"You can move," he whispered, thick and low. "Please."

Catching his mouth, he moved unhurriedly, hips rolling against Billy and grinding in deep until choked noises spilled from his mouth into Steve's. Steve swallowed them down, sucking on Billy's tongue and biting his lip. He kissed him to the time of his thrusts, deep and deliberate and measured, until Billy squirmed under him, cock leaking against his stomach when he ground down.

Billy whimpered, hands twitching and pushing up against Steve's, heels digging into his lower back.

"Please—*God*—please, please, *please, please*," he chanted, hands moving in Steve's, jerking against the weight and the softness of the sheets. "Steve—I'm—*please*."

Lust roiled in his belly, tight and demanding, going straight to his head. Unwinding his fingers from Billy's, he slipped his hand down his side while Billy clutched at the sheets. His fingers circled Billy's cock, a tight loop as he stroked him, thumb sliding around the head, nudging down the foreskin until fresh precome spilled across his skin, smoothing the way.

He fucked into him, each thrust harder than the last, a sharp *slap* of skin to skin contact that drove Billy further up the bed and bunched the sheets beneath them. Billy moaned until he didn't, until he gasped and clutched at Steve's shoulder, legs tight about his hips and clinging.

When he came, he was silent, mouth wet and open, eyes closed. His body clamped down, hot and tight and desperately clutching at Steve's cock, wringing the want from him. He stroked Billy through his orgasm, until he trembled and twisted and shoved his hips up, caught somewhere between Steve's hand on his cock and *too much*, a whine breaking from his throat and his eyes opening.

Billy bit his lip, leaving it shiny with spit when his teeth let it go. "Come in me," he said, sucking in a sharp breath. "I want you to come in me. I—"

Steve kissed him hard enough to bruise, smearing spunk on Billy's hip as he grabbed it, holding him down and fucking into him, sharp and hard and deep, chasing him own orgasm. Billy bit out broken noises against his mouth, wounded and shrill, nails biting into the skin of Steve's shoulder.

Dragging his mouth down to Billy's shoulder, he bit down as he came, hot-white pleasure sparking behind his eyes, snapping loose inside his belly. Billy made a noise in his throat, broken and animal, twisting beneath him.

It rushed in his head, a buzz of white noise, dulling everything but the points of contact between him and Billy. He kissed where he bit, an apology, lips trailing up to Billy's mouth. He stroked over his hip, fingers as gentle as his mouth, making his way up his side and tracing the shallow lines of his ribs.

"Stay like this," Billy said harshly, breath still sticking in his throat. Steve could feel his heart beating against his own chest. "For a while. Stay with me."

He thought about saying no, about the condom that needed tossed and the lube that needed cleaned up. He thought about the things that needed to be done for work. He thought about Billy's case. He thought about Billy that night, mouth laughing and eyes hollow.

"Okay," he murmured, and kissed him again.

Author's Note:

You can find me on Tumblr @ celoica. I'm currently accepting prompts, so please feel free to drop me an ask!